

Winter 1966



Epaulet

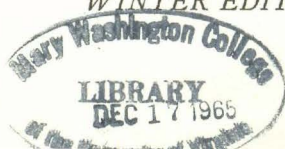
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EDITORIAL NOTE

With this issue of the *Epaulet*, a new editorial policy will go and has begun to go into effect, and this is a policy of expansion. Under this policy, the *Epaulet* will keep its identity as a literary-art magazine, but it will expand its definitions of both literature and art to include within them the whole wide range of student interests. Thus, literature may now include a well written article on the genetic problems of the tsetse fly as well as a carefully edited discussion on art and pornography. And art may now include a well executed cartoon or a skillfully taken photograph as well as cover designs, frontispieces, and illustrations.

These definitions, as old, faithful readers will recognize, are much broader than in the past, and they are necessarily so. The *Epaulet* is the *students'* magazine and must therefore meet the expressive needs of all students not just English majors or art majors. Also, as the students' magazine, it must try to satisfy as many student interests as possible.

These, then, are the reasons for the change many of you may have noticed in this issue. However, the present issue is just the first step towards this expansion policy. It is by no means a complete expression of it, for such an expression can only come about through wide student support. Therefore, if YOU agree with this new policy, please follow through. Send In Contributions, even, perhaps especially, if you think their acceptance is controversial. If you disagree with this policy, please let us know. We are open to suggestions. Drop all comments in the *Epaulet* box in Ann Carter Lee.



Sandy Pearson

the other side of life

on the other side of the wall things are really moving
it's only tues. but we must pack for fri., sat., and sun.
and cut our thurs. classes to
curl our frosted locks
and tease them into straightness
then forget the whole damn thing
and wear it up
let him *be* mad because it'll look like we've been making out
when he returns me to the approved home . . .

on the other side of the wall people are caring
whether boys can visit our rooms
if we leave the door ajar
and move our beds out of sight
so no one can see us do it
right under god's nose then go to church on sunday
to have my hand shaken by the Pastor
the same hand that left the door ajar
the day before . . .

on the other side of the wall people are caring
about campus issues and whether we should go out of our way
to be nice to the negro students
or whether we might be termed
do-gooders or discriminating
against the chinese students but jesus christ
i really didn't want to get involved . . .

on the other side of the wall there are cultured americans
writhing and screwing up their bodies
into sexual positions
thinking all the while that it's good clean fun
and then the girl
who's been lusting around the dance floor
always acts surprised when the excited male
lifts her skirt in the back seat
on the way home . . .

on the other side of the wall there are people who really vote
in campus elections and who care
about student government or who never did
care but who think its their duty
to use their franchise and by semester hate
the girl they elected but didn't know
when they voted . . .



on the other side of the wall there are long-haired stringy girls
with dirty feet singing
dirty folk songs
about The Black Man's Burden That's Wrapped In White
And Looks Like You
and from my accumulated years, isn't it a shame
what the southerner did
to The Neegro
so I *really* want to help them
but I can't cut my Sat. class and besides
i don't have a thing to wear . . .

on the other side of the wall there are professors testing girls
and girls testing the wisdom
of professors
and tap-water coffee being downed by
unpainted lips that french-inhale
pall mall filters because someone said
it was sexy and the head
of the eng. dept. decreed that a cigarette
was a phallic symbol

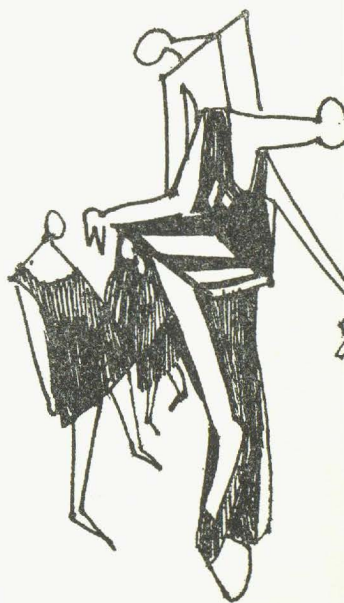


there are overhead coke bottles being kicked
to tiled floors
as someone tries for the light switch
in the dark and a quick temper
bellows "quiet Hour"
into a deafened silence . . .

on the other side of the wall there are phones ringing
girls answering and containing
themselves when they hear
the Voice Of This Week's Snowman
yet bolting slack-jawed to their rooms
screaching incoherent phrases
and promises of a Big Weekend
with lots of booze and maybe
a baby if we get too drunk
but that's the price you pay for being
an Emancipated Woman . . .

on the other side of the wall is Me waiting to get the hell
out of this world and latch onto
a new one no better
than the last but only
with bigger toys
and friends feigning maturity and/or childhood
trading wives and/or husbands
and tripping the light fantastically every weekend
at a different house and telling tales
on the new secretary so I can have
her job and having baby after baby kicking
planned parenthood in its
holier than thy face and
saving plaid stamps to buy a
mustang just in time for
bucket seats to become
as passe as the edsel pucker
and getting racked off at your wife
and going on a real binge
only to be arrested for trying
to lift a prostitute's earring
and getting thrown in the clink
for disturbing the Piece
on Earth, then sleeping it off in
some filthy cell where
a lifer moans a mono-syllabic dirge
on
the other
side
of

the wall



Maggie Knight

A SPRING That's Slow and COMING

SHAW'S ST. JOAN

Bunny Williams

"Like a poem not yet written, like a song yet unsung . . ." the folk-singer expresses the hesitancy of the creative spirit, the precipitous moment when what is to be is yet forthcoming. And so, in the interlude of her full becoming, Saint Joan whispers her final plea: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy Saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" Shrouded in darkness, the empty stage on which Joan stands becomes the eternity that is in each moment, in each passing breath of time. Sadly, silently, a glow of light caresses the face of the saint—then all again is dark. And we, groping, leave the theatre, sensitive to Joan, and yet ready to receive her not as a Saint.

If we cast out Joan the Saint, we receive with hearty pleasure, as her contemporaries did not, Joan the Maid. "A born boss," Joan begs, cajoles, bullies, and, according to the church authorities, blasphemes her way through the first acts of Shaw's play. Unlike the beautiful and romanticized figure of popular legend, Shaw's Joan is a plain and hardy tom-boy, practical yet naive, a woman, yet not feminine. She radiates the vitality and spontaneity of both her youth and her calling; she is full of the common sense so obviously lacking in her antagonists. One by one, the other characters yield to Joan's strength. For Joan has a certain "something" recognized by squire, soldier, king and priest alike. In her role as the Maid, Joan is positive, and self-assured, relying solely on the good sense of her divine voices. Here there is no hesitancy; what is to be becomes, as Joan raises the siege of Orleans, with the unwilling help of Robert de Baudricourt, the Dauphin, Dunois, and a host of others.

Joan pits common sense against systems political, military, social, and religious, and reigns supreme over all save the latter. Her nationalistic cry of "France for the French" is indeed naive; nonetheless, the fervor behind it arouses the men she challenges. Baudricourt gives her his horses, the soldiers and peasants follow her into battle, and at least, the rightful but wholly incapable King of France is crowned at Rheims. She urges "Charlie", the Dauphin to dare and dare and dare, in spite of the protests of his corrupt court. She teaches the brave general Dunois the proper way to win battles: attack and then simply hang on longer than the enemy does. She refuses to dress as a woman, simply because it is more expedient—and safer—to dress as a man when riding with her soldiers. The practicality of this decision rings true when, at the trial, her prosecutors accuse her of betraying her sex; their charge is quickly deflated by her simple reasoning.

Joan's sensible mind cannot combat the distorted, oppressive judgment of the Church Militant. The Church could permit Joan everything—except her use of her own mind and sense. Joan's heresy lies in her attempt to serve God first, by-passing the Church whenever she felt she must. Simply, forthrightly, Joan utters the words of the arch-heretic: "What other judgment can I judge by but my own?" The words condemn her; her accusers threaten to burn her. Joan falters at this—to

burn is not good common sense. Thus, dejected, she recants—only to tear up her recantation when she hears she is to spend the rest of her life in prison. To burn is to be free, to burn is better. Triumphant, with the zeal of a truly free soul, Joan urges them to “light their fires,” and thus forces her own death.

Alone, she must burn, alone she must await her reception as a saint. Shaw's epilogue is the most stirring scene in the play, as Joan returns to her antagonists, accusers, and executors, and hears herself proclaimed the Venerable and Blessed Saint Joan. One by one, they praise her: the girls in the field, the dying soldiers, the princes of the Church, the cunning counsellors, the foolish old men, the judges, the wicked, the tormentors, the unpretending. Joan offers to return as a living woman—but she must burn again—for they cannot receive her. Then is the hesitancy, the moment of not-being before being, the interlude of human and divine. Alone, Joan stands, and is standing still “like a spring that's slow in coming; like a dream that never came true.”

CIN QUAINÉ: The Pleasant

Berries.
A china bowl
With cream and silver spoon,
Sun upon sugar and ripe red.
Sweetness.

CIN QUAINÉ: Wind

Rude wind,
The air ocean
Rolls, thunders violent
Humming, sucking curtains to the
Windows.

CIN QUAINÉ: Grief

I am
A cold, aged egg.
A world's irreverent shout
Becomes the endless whisper of my
Cracking.

Pat Francisco



Wore on Peace

Oh fuzzy-headed pacifist,
 come listen to some brief advice.
Stop teaching-in and speaking-out
 A moment, then perhaps think twice.

Intentions of the best degree,
 That seem so rational and right,
By others oft are misconstrued—
 We think you'd rather bitch than fight.

Well-chosen thoughts can't pierce your hide.
 Facts you deal with ostrich-like.
You scorn containment, and it seems
 You'd yank our fingers from the dike.

You scream of bloodshed, senseless death,
 And say Ho Chi will make them free.
The NLF's your white knight bold,
 Your answer to reality.

You blather that the USA,
 With motive foul or foresight wrong,
Smacks of the Reich two decades yore.
 Beyond reproach: the Viet Cong.

Go form your lines and wave your signs;
 Object (conscientiously) and picket—oh please do,
And with some luck your draftcard's ashes
 Can black your streak of amber hue.

The truth, the dawn, will bring you to
 The termination of your rope.
Till then must we yet view your visage,
 Foreigner to blade and soap?

It really seems you are convinced
 On peace you've a monopoly.
While we love life and freedom too,
 We know the price; you're sure it's free.

In parting I ask simply this:
 Bear not our system such a grudge,
Its faults exist, but please review
 Your self-appointment as our judge.

By John M. Liftin

THE OCARINA

MARY ANN HUTCHERSON

CHARACTERS

OLD MAN.....	An elderly gentleman in his sixties, immaculately, although shabbily dressed in a once very expensive suit.
NELL.....	The personification of the typical scrubwoman. She is in her mid-fifties, very untidily dressed.
GIRL.....	She is in her mid-twenties, very attractive, but exceedingly distraught.
WOMAN.....	She is in her mid-forties; she is the housewife who must cut corners to keep her family well clothed. A bus station somewhere in the United States. Stage right there is a door that leads outside the station to the street, stage left there is a door with a sign that reads "to all buses." Down stage center there is a ticket office. The station is completely deserted except for a cleaning woman who obviously is taking no pride in her labor. She is dressed in a nondescript housedress, in her mid-fifties and a crude person who seems to know nothing of Amy Vanderbilt or Emily Post. She whistles slightly off-key while she sweeps the floor. Stage right enters an elderly gentleman very immaculately dressed, although somewhat shabby, carrying a leather briefcase. He sees the scrubwoman but ignores her.

NELL

(crosses to OLD MAN)

Well, judge, where are you going this morning? (she laughs broadly) Your looking mighty chipper this mornin', old boy. (she pokes at his ribs with her elbow.)

OLD MAN coughs and quietly surveys the empty terminal. He walks over and seats himself in the middle of one of the two rows of seats facing each other in the middle of the stage.

NELL

(following him)

Oh, I see, sir, you're all packed, (taps his briefcase) Why don't you go back and buy your ticket now, that is, before a line begins to form.

OLD MAN

(gently)

I believe, madame, that I shall have plenty of time to purchase my ticket before my bus arrives, now perhaps you should continue with your cleaning.

NELL

Well, mercy, you'd think to hear you talk I'd rather clean this filthy hole than to talk to a real honest-to-goodness gentleman like you. (laughs) Now, sir, perhaps you'd like to tell me about some of your far off travels or about some of your law cases.

OLD MAN

Now, really, madame, I would hate to see you lose your position on my account. My travels would hold no interest for you I'm sure.

NELL

(laughing)

Oh, yes, I'm sure. . . . Was just the other day that old Claudie and I was talking about you. We was wishing that we could go to some of them places that you always talk about. I told her we could go if we really wanted to . . . it'n that right, judge?

OLD MAN

(annoyed)

Well, I suppose so. . . . Now really, Nell, don't you think you'd better finish your sweeping. I saw the boss looking at you a few minutes ago.

NELL

Oh, yes, sir, yes, sir, I'd better finish up.

Right enters a middle-aged WOMAN obviously in a hurry carrying a bill and some change in her hand.

WOMAN

Sir, oh, sir!

OLD MAN

Yes, madame.

WOMAN

I'm so glad that I found you here; you said yesterday that I might be able to. I have been thinking about what you said. You see, I have an uncle who is also a lawyer or shall I say was a lawyer. Well, he's

retired now and very senile, but he does love to rehash his old cases. I think this haven for old lawyers would be a splendid idea. My uncle would want to be one of your first roomers. Well, sir, I really must run now; I know that this isn't much; but it's really all that I can spare right now.

OLD MAN

Madame, we are most grateful for any amount . . . it all helps, you know. When our little fund has reached a goodly amount, there will be more publicity about it, and you can obtain the details about entering your uncle then.

WOMAN

Well, good luck, sir, I hope you get many contributions today. I think it's wonderful the way you give your time like this!

OLD MAN

Oh, thank you, madame, and thank you again for the money.

WOMAN exits right. OLD MAN takes a shabby wallet from his pocket and inserts both bills and change. OLD MAN glances left at NELL who has stopped her sweeping, she smiled broadly at him and rubs her hands together. He turns away from her and seats himself again. GIRL enters right, it is evident that she has been traveling for a long time from the weary expression on her face. She crosses to the seats and seats herself almost opposite the OLD MAN, she seems not to notice his presence; she is very wrapped up in her own thoughts. OLD MAN gazes at his right very slightly and notices that NELL has resumed her cleaning, he focuses his attention on the GIRL.

OLD MAN

Pardon me, miss, would you be so good as to tell me the time?

GIRL

The time? . . . Oh I don't wear a watch, but there's a clock over the door.

OLD MAN

So there is . . . thank you anyway.

PAUSE. OLD MAN searches for something to say. GIRL nervously looks away from him, and digs into her handbag for a cigarette.

OLD MAN

What is your destination, miss?

GIRL

(glancing at him, has not heard the question)

Sir?

OLD MAN

I said, where are you going?

GIRL

To Chicago.

OLD MAN

(enthusiastically)

Oh, what a wonderful place! I have been to Chicago many times and every time the places intrigues me more. Those wonderful steak dinners! While you are there you must get some nice young gentleman to take you out for a steak dinner!

GIRL

Yes the steaks are quite good in Chicago, I've had quite a few there myself. You see, I was born in Chicago.

PAUSE

OLD MAN

(laughing nervously)

Oh, well, yes, I guess you have.

GIRL glances around her throws her half-smoked cigarette on the floor and puts it out with her foot. She picks up a paperpack book, and flips through it until she finds her place. She starts to read. OLD MAN tries to start conversation again.

OLD MAN

I was telling my law partner the other day, that I must go back to Chicago for a few days. Our law practice is so large that I need a rest very frequently. I'm supposed to be in retirement, but so many of our clients want my advice that I stay as busy as I was before I retired.

GIRL

(who has looked up during his speech, at the mention of the word lawyer.)

A lawyer, sir . . . did you say that you were a lawyer?

OLD MAN

Yes, that's right. It's a magnificent profession. I have had many intriguing cases, for example. . . . You would like to hear about one of them, wouldn't you?

GIRL

Oh, yes sir, I would love to, and maybe, you could. . . .

OLD MAN

(forgetting about her, intent on his story)

Last month a woman came in the office; she was in her late forties and she wore very expensive clothing, judging from those that my wife buys herself I suppose them to be expensive, understand?

GIRL

(laughs forcedly)

Ha, oh, yes, ha.

OLD MAN

She needed a lawyer to represent her in court. The suit was a minor one; seems that she had taken another ladies coat at some public affair. The trial was somewhat drawn out, but the case was dismissed upon lack of evidence. The lady was very grateful and gave me a very

large check. I, of course, thought nothing of the check until I was depositing it in my bank account. You won't believe me now, the check was worthless.

GIRL

Really, that sounds quite strange.

OLD MAN

Oh yes, my dear, it became even more strange when we tried to locate this lady. After much searching she was found in a boarding house in the slum district of the city. She lived in one small room and her only source of income, it seemed, was the money she could beg or borrow from other people. She had been at one time a socialite in another town, but she had been involved in a scandal and had lost everything she owned, that's when she moved to our city.

GIRL

I can hardly believe that, how could one stoop to such a meager existence surely there was something she could do . . . some sort of trade she could have learned.

OLD MAN

(pensively)

I thought about that myself.

OLD MAN seems to lose himself in his own thoughts. PAUSE.

GIRL very nervously lights a cigarette, and takes a few drags, then puts it out.

GIRL

Sir . . .

OLD MAN

(startled)

Oh . . . yes, miss?

GIRL

I just thought, well, since you are a lawyer you've probably had many cases like this one, and, well, sir, (almost frantically) I need help for this friend of mine . . . she's almost desperate . . . I must help her!

OLD MAN

Well, I don't know . . . well, we don't usually give advice like this.

GIRL

(ignoring him, blurting out her story)

Maybe, just this once, just hear her story. She came to me the other day, she has the apartment across the hall. Anyway, things haven't been going too well for her lately. She got a salary cut at her job at the bank, and, well she could barely live on her previous salary, and since the decrease things had been desperate. She hadn't been well, and she needed money for her doctors bills and her medicine. She didn't really think it was too wrong to take a little extra for herself, just until she could catch up.

OLD MAN

Didn't the bank notice the error?

GIRL

Oh no, sir she could cover the error. But this has been going on for several months, and she's scared . . . she wants me to tell her what to do . . . she just wants to run away! (she becomes more and more intense) Help me, sir, Help me help her!

OLD MAN

Isn't there anyone she can turn to, her parents perhaps?

GIRL

(gazing at the floor)

This, sir, is her last resort. She wanted to make it on her own; she wanted to *so* badly.

PAUSE. OLD MAN looks at GIRL who still stares at the floor.

OLD MAN

I had many cases of embezzlement during my practice. Most of them were quite different than the one you have just told me of. The embezzler usually doesn't want to stop stealing . . . he will usually seek a lawyers advice only after he has been caught.

GIRL

Oh, she hasn't been caught . . . she wants to do something before she is caught . . . just something . . . anything!

OLD MAN

Anything?

GIRL

Yes, anything.

OLD MAN

Would she be willing to face up to a charge of embezzlement, would she be willing to turn herself in? . . . she must realize that she faces a stiff prison sentence.

GIRL

Yes, she does realize . . .

OLD MAN

But, of course, if she turns herself in there is a chance that the bank will be more lenient . . . it's her choice.

GIRL

But, sir she really has no choice, she must turn herself in rather than let them find out.

OLD MAN

You're right, of course, she should admit her guilt! Yes, tell her to turn herself in.

GIRL

(jumping to her feet, suddenly alive again)

Oh, sir that's what I'll, she'll, do . . . I'll go back . . . I'll go back to tell her. Sir, would you do one more thing for me? . . . please watch my bag while I exchange my ticket.

OLD MAN

(standing)

Oh, yes, of course.

GIRL goes to ticket office down stage, she has her back to the audience. OLD MAN looks at the suitcase, then to NELL who is watching him front left.

NELL

(in a loud whisper)

Go on, judge, take it and run! Maybe she has some money in the suitcase.

OLD MAN

(to NELL)

Take her bag? I can't steal!

NELL

What do you think you've done for these last years . . . with your story about the haven for old lawyers.

OLD MAN

I haven't stolen a cent. I am a lawyer or I was one.

NELL

Yes, and do you remember what you were disbarred for . . . oh, yes stealing no less . . . No, don't tell me I know . . . you didn't steal the money then, you've told me that all these years, yet, what have you done to redeem yourself. All these years I've scrubbed while you have done nothing.

OLD MAN

I have done something . . . why, I've helped this young girl . . . and you want me to turn my back on her!

NELL

Oh, yes you helped her alright . . . I wonder how many have told her the same thing before you. (she laughs, as OLD MAN turns away from her.)

OLD MAN steps over to the bag, he hesitates and clenches his fists, finally he reaches down to the bag and touches it and withdraws his hand as if the bag were suddenly very hot, pain crosses his face; he reaches down again; but he doesn't see the GIRL come up behind him.

GIRL

Sir . . .

OLD MAN

(startled, he straightens up)

What, ugh, well . . .

GIRL

Oh, sir, I just wanted to thank you again, my bus is waiting outside so I must hurry . . .; my friend and I will be forever grateful to you . . . You know I don't even know your name.

OLD MAN

(picks up her suitcase and hands it to her)

You had better hurry now, so that you don't miss your bus. Good-bye, now.

GIRL

(exists right, looking back)

Good bye, sir and thanks again.

When the GIRL is off stage the OLD MAN falls to his knees and opens his briefcase, which is in full view by the audience. The contents are a few crumpled cigarette packs and some foil and other bits of trash. He picks up the two partially

smoked cigarettes from the floor and inserts them into the crumpled pack from his briefcase. After completing the task he closes the case, stands up, brushes off his clothes, and starts off left. At this point NELL begins to laugh in a high pitched cackle.

NELL

(shouting after him)

That's right, judge . . . go out and stalk some other sucker. This one took you in . . . she was only good for those lousy cigarette butts. (she raises her voice as he gets nearer the door) But don't let the next one by, we've gotta pay this month's rent, old boy!

Lights slowly dim. NELL still sweeps the floor; she resumes her half-hearted humming.

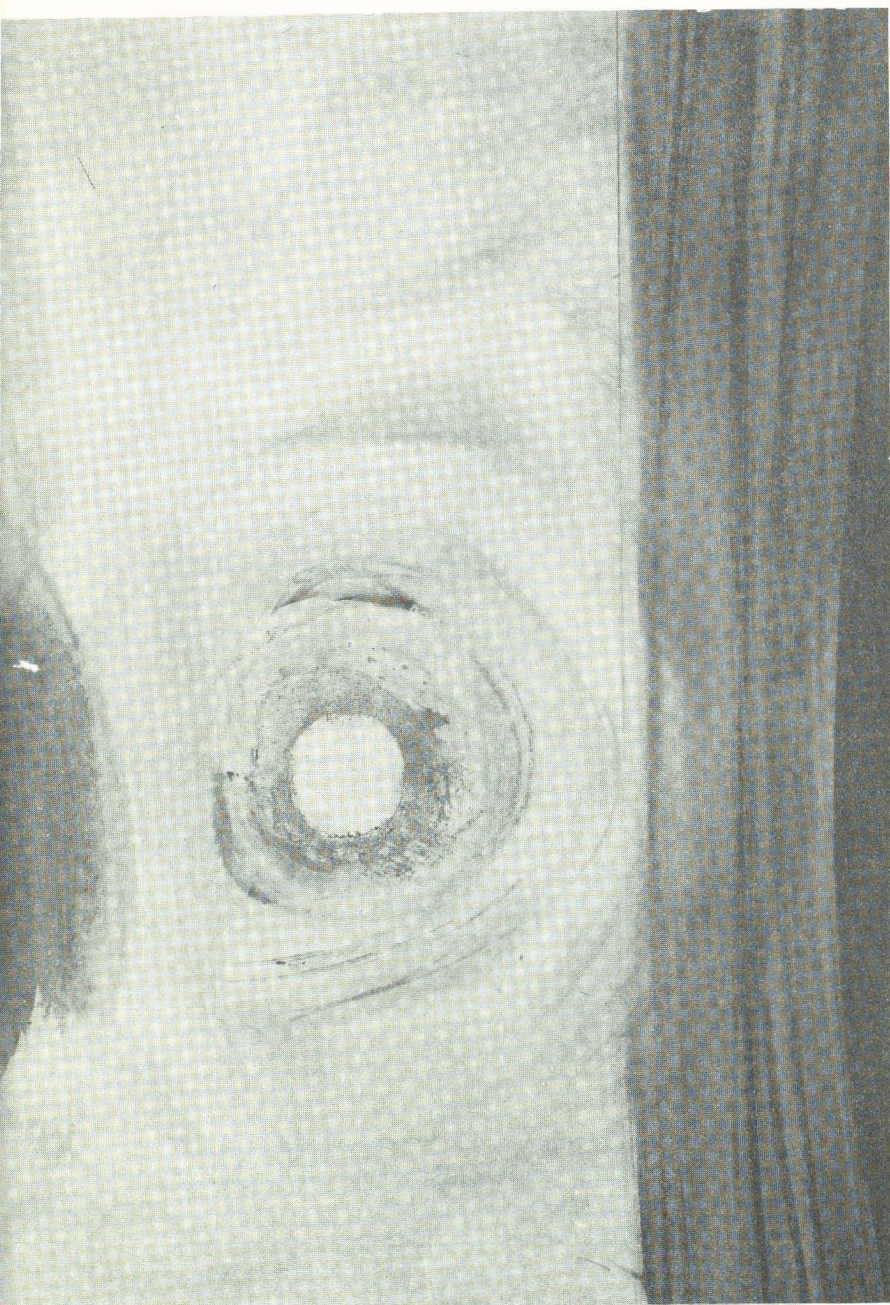
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Modern Art and Haze

SANDRA PEARSON

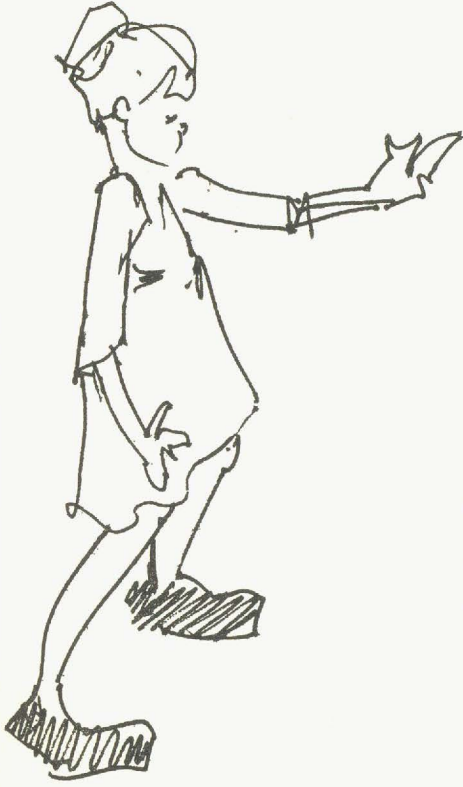
A major problem in modern art, on the part of the viewer, seems to be concerned with representation. To understand a painting, to be moved in the way that the artist intended, one can no longer look for a familiar representation of the visual world—one must understand it *emotionally*. The lines, shapes, and colors of nature are no longer present; instead, the artist produces his own lines and colors, combined on the paper or canvas to instill a certain feeling or emotion within the viewer. It is not a portrayal of nature, but is a distortion of it, necessary to go beyond the thin surface of reality to a realm of deeper meaning. A painting becomes not a physical representation, but a bridge between the emotions of the artist and the emotions of the viewer, a concept that began with the birth of "modern" art in the twentieth century.

Hans Moller's watercolor, HAZE, now on exhibit in the Dupont galleries, is a typical example of this concept. The inspiration for the painting was taken from nature, but there the realism ends—it is not a physical representation but is an emotional one. The objects and effects of nature are abstracted in color and form into a formal design. The painting is almost a ballet of forms, a crescendo of expanding, undulating emanations; waves of light pulsate toward the viewer, drawing him into the painting. The blacks, silver greys, and whites lend a spiritual quality that creates the haze—the wavering line between illusion and reality. It is an insight into an inner meaning, presenting more of reality than a realistic painting ever could.



HAZE - Hans Moller

PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. E. NELSON



LIMERICK CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

There once was a college coed
Of whom it was readily said
That she wouldn't dare
To wear long straight hair
Or she'd look like her young brother Fred.

Ginny Bateman, '66

HONORABLE MENTIONS

There once was a young man named Ganda
Who always dressed with great splanda.
He wore a silk toppa
His manners were propa
And now he's called Propa Ganda.

Marianne Cadle, '68

There was a young prof of precosity
Who taught with aplomb and bombosity
His looks were ascetic,
His manner frenetic,
His lectures were naught but verbosity.

Jean Edson,
Assistant Professor of Music and Physics

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

A young southern girl of great chahms
Was fond of the music of Brahms
She said, "Ah declauh!
Ah knows Ah'm a squauh,
"But the moderns Ah view with alahms."

Jean Edson
Assistant Professor of Music and Physics

There was a young fellow named Feather
Who sniffed glue in all kinds of weather.
But one rainy day
Much to his dismay
His notrils were both stuck together.

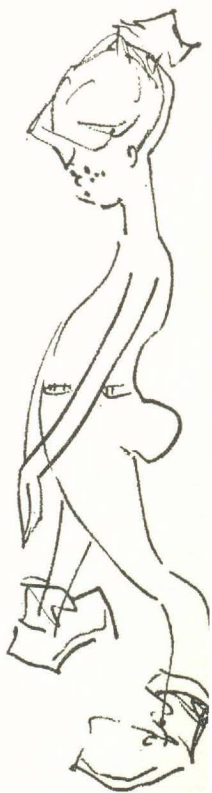
Marsha Dawson, '69

There once was an old man named Finn
Who heard a terrible din.
When he asked, "Why the noise?"
They replied, "It's the boys.
"They're having their rummy with gin."

Marianne Cadle, '68

A student of MWC
Came to college to do and to be,
But advice was not heeded
And she was impeded
By a thing known as apathy.

Ginny Bateman, '66



Symposium: PORNOGRAPHY IN LITERATURE

Editor's Note: The first EPAULET Symposium took place on October 22, 1965, at the home of Dr. Nathaniel Brown. This informal discussion of "Pornography in Literature" was recorded on tape, transcribed, and edited for publication in the magazine. Participants in the discussion included three professors and four students: Dr. Peter Coffin of the Philosophy Department, and Dr. Daniel Woodward and Dr. Brown of the English Department; seniors Vera Wilson, Linda Broyles, and Barbara Green, and junior Maggie Knight.

Some of the books discussed were taken from a basic reading list, which was comprised of works from different eras: Apuleius' *The Golden Ass*, John Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, Terry Southern's *Candy*, Mark Twain's *1601*, Allen Ginsberg's *Howl!*, Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Coney Island of the Mind*, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*, Mary McCarthy's *The Group*, William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, Chaucer's "The Miller's Tale," Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Each of these books has, at some time, been considered pornographic or obscene.

The result of our effort has been, we hope, an interesting and informative, if not enlightening, discussion of a controversial subject.

—Barbara Green

BARBARA: Let's begin at the beginning—what is pornography? From your reading of literary works and the opinions of various writers, as well as from your own thinking on the subject, what is a good, workable definition of the term "pornography?"

BROWN: I've checked the dictionary for various definitions. The Harcourt-Brace World definition of pornography is "obscene literature or art." The word derives from the Greek *pornographas*, which means "writing of prostitutes." Webster's *New World* gives two different definitions: 1. "Originally, a description of prostitutes and their trade," hence 2. "Writings, pictures, etc., designed to arouse sexual desire."

I noticed here, in just these two dictionary definitions, that the first sets up moral overtones, while the second is completely objective; the first says "obscene literature or art," while the second simply says "writings and pictures intended to arouse sexual desire," without any moral commentary. However, it did seem to me in all my readings that in our society, western society generally, pornography is almost synonymous with obscenity. In fact, this is how it is defined in law. As far as I know, books are prosecuted not for being pornographic, but for being obscene.

VERA: Yes, that's so. I read a newspaper article recently about a case that's supposed to come up before the Supreme Court. It concerns putting in the mail things that are considered obscene. One is *Eros*, whose publisher, Ralph Ginsberg, is facing a jail sentence.

BROWN: *Eros* was devoted not to pornography exclusively but to sexual writing of all sorts, wasn't it?

VERA: Mr. Kilpatrick, who wrote the article in the *Evening Star*, called the magazine "a craftily compiled mixture of material both

innocuous and obscene," then said, "Viewed as a whole, it had no saving grace."

BROWN: Well, that's his opinion, yes.

LINDA: In that second definition, it says pornography is designed to arouse sexual desire. I've never heard that brought in before.

BROWN: I would tend to say that this definition would be a standard one today. If a book is pornographic, it is designed exactly to stimulate sexual desire.

WOODWARD: Does this mean that a perfume advertisement is pornographic?

MAGGIE: Or a rock-and-roll record?

WOODWARD: To get back to the original idea, the writing of a prostitute—if you think of it as something having to do with the commercialization of sex, you might, perhaps, be getting closer to the common definition of pornography. On the other hand, fiction is necessarily commercial; a book that is unreadable is unsalable, and therefore, a "bad" book. Would, then, any book that has to do with sexual relations be considered pornographic? I don't think so, but I do think it's hard to get at the difference between an ordinary novel that treats sex and a pornographic novel.

BROWN: Most of the questions surrounding pornography have a long history that goes deep into the western Christian tradition and even beyond that, into the classical tradition. These questions involve the whole attitude of Christian civilization toward sex and how we should treat sexual behavior.

WOODWARD: Perhaps, though, the problem is not really Christianity's, for the analogy of divine love and human love is very clearly recognized in Christianity. It seems to me that you begin to get a pornographic problem at a rather late stage in the development of society. Possibly pornography reflects the development of urban tension—the frustration that you get when you force people to live together in a more advanced society. Freud has a lot to say about this.

COFFIN: Don't you think you get this condition from the Reformation onwards? Because of this time element, I wonder if the larger cities are the complete cause, or if it's the Calvinist idea of the complete depravity of man.

BROWN: I believe that's false because in medieval theology, the sexual act almost always entailed some sort of sin.

COFFIN: You might trace this attitude, then, to the Catholic church

BROWN: Yes, I think the traditional Christian position was that as well as the Protestant.

BROWN: I was thinking about the derivation of the word pornography, which would seem to be incompatible with any sort of Christian sexual relationship.

BARBARA: I would agree with you there. Granted, the Christian tradition emphasizes love, but it's a spiritual love; physical love doesn't seem to come in, unless as a by-product—although a somewhat necessary by-product.

sex was for purely utilitarian purposes, that is, for procreation. It didn't involve either pleasure or love. If sex involved pleasure, that was simply accidental, or even regrettable.

COFFIN: There has been a tradition that advocated the spiritualization of physical love; it didn't necessarily say there was a dichotomy between spiritual and physical love.

BROWN: But the whole position of pornography is exactly the reverse of this spiritualization. It places supreme and exclusive emphasis on the physical aspect of sex. The very plain usage of the word "pornography" today seems to mean any writing that's intended to stimulate lust, with the object of desire usually outside of marriage.

BARBARA: What about obscenity? It was mentioned earlier that "pornographic" was equated with "obscene" in many people's minds.

BROWN: One dictionary definition of "obscene" is "offensive or abhorrent to prevailing concepts of morality or decency; indecent; lewd." Second, "stressing or suggesting indecency, lust, or depravity." Third, "inciting or aiming to incite indecency." Each one gets a little bit stronger. Then, finally, "offensive to the senses; disgusting; loathsome; foul." In fact, this is the original definition because "obscene" comes from the Latin "obs" and "cenum," meaning "total filth." Obviously, the original source of "obscene" is the idea of dirt.

This seems to me to raise a very interesting question—the fact that sex in the Christian tradition has always, or nearly always, been thought of as dirty. The "dirty joke" is simply the sexual joke; the "dirty mind" is the one that is pre-occupied with sex.

WOODWARD: Isn't obscenity really an offense against taste?

COFFIN: Certainly indecency is only "against *my* sense of decency."

WOODWARD: Yes. This is an offense against taste in *your* judgment.

BROWN: The dictionary says, "indecent—offensive to one's moral sense or modesty; immodest. . . . Contrary to propriety or good taste; indelicate;" or even "vulgar." Synonyms are "lewd" and "obscene."

This suggests to me that all these terms are essentially tautologous; one is stated in terms of the others, and you go around and around in a circle. In fact, this is the case in law; one word is defined in terms of another. It's up to the judge, then, to decide specifically on the grounds of the work before him.

LINDA: In legal terms, when a publisher is brought to trial, what is the usual charge against him?

BROWN: In England at the present time, under the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, it is a statutory offense to publish an obscene article. The article is obscene if "its effect is, if taken as a whole, such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons who are likely, having regard to all the relevant circumstances, to read, see, or hear the matter contained or embodied in it." There's a further distinction under this new act which wasn't the case earlier—the publication of the article in question can be justified "if the defense can set it up as being for the public good on the grounds that it is in the interests of science, literature, art, or learning, or other objects of general concern." The opinions of experts as to literary, artistic, scientific, or other merits of an article may be admitted.

These are exactly the grounds on which the *Lady Chatterly's Lover* trial was argued. The forty or fifty leading British intellectuals who were called in to defend the book said that while it may have been obscene, it still deserved to be published on the grounds of being for the good of literature.

MAGGIE: Does the idea of trying a book for its pornographic or obscene aspects have anything to do with corrupting the minds of minors?

COFFIN: I don't really think that, but a good case can be made for publication of obscene books here. Fundamentally, Russell's comment is right. If you gave them this openly instead of under the counter, trains and planes are ultimately more interesting to children.

MAGGIE: I was thinking more of what people *think*, rather than what people *do*.

COFFIN: The child really wouldn't pay any attention.

MAGGIE: But what parent thinks of that? Not very many. They think, "*Candy* is a bad book and I don't want my child to read it because he might get some ideas."

BROWN: The legal decision in this country seems to be relevant here. It was made by Judge Woolsey in 1934, when he exonerated *Ulysses* from the charge of obscenity. He established four principles which, I understand, are still the basis for the law today. First, the author's intention is relevant; second, the work's dominant effect and not isolated passages must be considered; third, the effect on a reasonable man and not an abnormal adult or child must be taken as the criterion; and fourth, literary or artistic merit must be weighed against incidental obscenity. Previously, the test was that of the child reader; supposing that a child of twelve read *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, what would the effect on the child be?

MAGGIE: Was that actually brought up in a case?

BROWN: It was certainly brought up in the *Lady Chatterly* case.

COFFIN: This question of the child reader brings another pertinent question to mind, that may be more fundamental to the subject. When you speak of pornography, it's invariably in the context of whether it should be banned or not. Now, what I'd like to know is this: exactly what *harm* does pornography, as we're generally using the term to refer to things, do? I don't mean "harm" in the sense that it outrages the taste of some fundamentalist Puritan, or something of that sort, but does it do any actual harm to the person who indulges in it? Does it incite him to do harm to others—something like commit sex crimes?

It seems to me that if you look at what is generally called pornography, it is, first of all, vicarious amusement; secondly, it's a waste of time. But we don't want to ban everything in our society that is vicarious amusement and a waste of time—like television, and a few other things. And it seems to me that unless you can actually point out that pornography does harm, you have no *grounds* for banning it.

Now as far as I know, in terms of the authoritative investigations, such as the latest Kinsey report, actually there's no correlation whatsoever between sex crimes and pornography; that, if anything, there might be a small *negative* correlation, that is, it might be an outlet.

BARBARA: I asked one of our psychology professors about a correlation between reading pornography and then acting in a socially unacceptable manner as a result—if a person could be motivated to commit, not necessarily a crime, but some other act that he might not otherwise have committed. He told me, number one, that there is no really practical way to study this. A researcher would have to set up an elaborate experiment—expose one group of people to a pornographic book and not expose another groups to it, and then follow all of them around for the next twenty years to see if anyone reacted criminally to what he had read. He did say, however, that he knew of another kind of book that had caused a man to do this very thing. Of course,

the man had to be slightly unbalanced in the first place or he wouldn't have been so deeply affected, but he read Camus' *The Stranger*, got completely depressed, and went out and committed a murder.

COFFIN: But should this book be banned because one individual happened to read it and be influenced?

BARBARA: Definitely not.

COFFIN: Unless you can actually cite some reason for banning a book, publishing it should be permissible in society.

VERA: I'd like to ask you what you mean by "harm"—an actual physical harm? Or something like this: our society has a great number of Christian moral principles inherent in it. Repeated exposure to pornographic material could conceivably cause a breakdown in these moral principles.

COFFIN: If you go through the various fashions that have predominated in history, you will find that they have been largely a matter of taste, and that they have all survived under the Christian morality. You have now certain things that are banned in Sweden and other things that are banned in the United States. In movies, we put in one scene for Italy and another for the United States. They all survive under the same Christian morality.

BROWN: You raised the point, and very clearly, I think, that pornography in our society involves the whole concept of censorship. That seems to me to reflect on our society. Perhaps in the ancient world, the idea of pornography would not have involved censorship to begin with. Why do we feel that sexual writings need to be banned at all?

COFFIN: I don't think that the question of pornography as we are raising it, would have been raised in ancient Greece.

BROWN: That's exactly my point. Why wouldn't it have been? Isn't it true that under a Christian frame of reference, anything inciting to sexual desire is dangerous? Or am I incorrect?

COFFIN: I would *hope* that you are incorrect.

BROWN: But I wonder if I am—in terms of literature or art.

WOODWARD: No, I don't think this is true. Love receives a very high evaluation in Christian thought. Human love is encouraged.

BROWN: To go back to the original definition of pornography, though—wouldn't the love involving what prostitutes represent be unacceptable to any Christian frame of reference?

WOODWARD: I think you have this attitude developing as you commercialize marriage, when you define a sound marriage as a satisfactory business transaction. If you look at it this way, if you take every other value out of marriage, then what is the difference between what happens in the home and what happens in the brothel? One action may be considered legitimate and the other illegitimate, yet this distinction does not necessarily involve qualitative differences in human relationships. Moreover, I think our motivation in becoming indignant about obscene literature or pornography is highly questionable. We may well be more concerned that the twelve-year-old not read *Fanny Hill* than we are that a twelve-year-old drop out of school and work at substandard wages. Our domestic complacency is more important to us than our social conscience.

BROWN: This seems to go back to what I consider the heart of the matter, that is, the pre-eminence that Christian society has attached to sexual matters.

COFFIN: They're over-valued.

BROWN: Yes, they're over-valued. Sin has tended to be sexual in Christian thinking.

COFFIN: I don't think it was intended to be that way, fundamentally, but the idea has somehow grown. *The* Christian sin is vanity or pride, but it has been interpreted popularly as being sex.

BROWN: It seems to me that what Christianity did, in terms of ancient values, was, quite clearly, to deprive sex of its innocence. If Adam and Eve in Eden were innocent, they were innocent about sex. They treated it in a perfectly natural fashion. It was only when you got a Christian frame of reference that sex lost its innocence or its naturalness.

WOODWARD: If you look at love in *Paradise Lost*, though, Adam and Eve were naked and loving before the Fall, but immediately afterward, they were lustful.

BROWN: Yes, lust. And this is the basis of pornography—its incitement to lust.

COFFIN: One thing that must be considered is this: what is the effect on a Christian society of banning books because they're conceived by a certain period to be pornographic? This seems somewhat analogous to attempting something like prohibition.

BROWN: I agree. You raised the question earlier of what the relationship between a book and a person's behavior is, if there is any sort of cause-and-effect. Of course, we don't know. But it certainly is interesting to note that all authoritarian systems have taken it for granted that there is a cause-and-effect relationship. In Communism, Fascism, Catholicism, or Calvinism, to bring in everybody, you have banning of books.

COFFIN: But in a society that's reasonably free the way ours is, does banning books that are considered pornographic produce worse effects than letting them out in the society?

WOODWARD: The classic on this subject is Milton's *Areopagitica*. He doesn't have much to say about books like *Lady Chatterly's Lover* because they hadn't been issued at the time. There were some seventeenth century pornographic books, but in the 1640's pornography was not yet a problem. But Milton opposes banning *any* book.

BROWN: Except Catholic books. He says quite clearly that this does not apply to Catholic books.

WOODWARD: His opposition to Catholicism isn't religious or moral, but more practical. He identifies the Catholics as a military foe, which, at the time, they were.

COFFIN: Let me raise another kind of question. Certainly, if you're going to ban any kind of literature, you've got to hand it to some type of authority to do the banning. Now is this in itself vicious? Perhaps more vicious than letting the books go out?

BROWN: If you set up any law whatsoever, you've got to have someone to enforce it or to decide when it should be enforced. This doesn't just involve books, though, does it? The tendency of your argument as I get it is almost towards anarchism.

COFFIN: Only literary.

BROWN: But why should this apply only to literature and not other things? I assume you mean art—writing, painting, sculpture; I don't know if you would have pornographic music or not, but I

suppose you could—the *Bolero*, or rock-and-roll. In Byron's day, the waltz was considered obscene.

BARBARA: As far as this banning of books goes, if it's done with the idea of "the good of society" in mind, it seems to have the opposite effect, really. Especially if it's made public that a book has been banned. Then people who would never have thought of reading it otherwise are going to run out and try to find it to see what's so bad about it. I know I would.

BROWN: I think we get to the real problem when we get to sado-masochism, the Marquis de Sade, flagellation, and this sort of thing. Can we say that it's a good thing to encourage the sort of behavior that involves sexual pleasure in the suffering of others? Here we seem to get a real problem in the contemporary attitude toward pornography. Most of the so-called "hard-core" pornographic novels deal in sexual conversions of every sort. Should these be encouraged or not?

WOODWARD: I think you're getting at the problem of the use of this material. A writer who is exploring abnormal sexuality is engaged, it seems to me, in a perfectly legitimate undertaking. I am under no obligation to do what the people in the novel do.

BROWN: No, but some literature is stimulating; no matter what you say, you're going to do something. Hasn't society always recognized that it's dangerous to put ideas into people's heads?

COFFIN: And frequently these ideas have turned out to be excellent later on. But there again, if something like sadism were to actually lead people to take actions that made other people suffer, I think you might have some grounds for stopping it. However, I don't see that there's any advantage to society in trying to insure people against having delightful fantasies of their own.

WOODWARD: When you get right down to it, the policeman and the judge don't really know what pornography is and what effects pornography has on readers. I think these people are in an awkward position—they're enforcing an absolutely unenforceable law—unenforceable in a democratic society.

BROWN: One of the serious problems is that the matter is wholly arbitrary—what is one man's pornography is another man's work of art, and so on. Some of the books that have been banned in recent English history as pornographic or obscene are Havelock Ellis's *The Psychology of Sex*; D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* and *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, and his famous art show; Joyce's *Ulysses*; *Love Without Fear*, a sex manual; Henry Miller's *Tropics* books; William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*; and de Sade. In this country books by Sinclair Lewis, Bertrand Russell, and Ernest Hemingway, have been suppressed as obscene. The process is absolutely erratic. There's no principle to it at all.

MAGGIE: Is there a definite length of time involved in a ban?

BROWN: If a book is banned, it's banned until someone says differently.

MAGGIE: Who is it that says differently?

BROWN: Another judge. Or sometimes there is a jury trial. But, as we've said, some groups still engage actively in censorship. Catholics must believe in it to a certain extent; they have the *Index* and the Legion of Decency.

VERA: The *Index* is an out-dated list of books. That will be ad-

mitted by any priest in the Catholic church.

BROWN: Are you still meant to get advice from your priest as to what you should read?

VERA: Within reason you are, but this is conditional. It is assumed that you are an intelligent person reading a book for an intelligent reason, versus again, the twelve-year-old child who picks up a pornographic book.

COFFIN: And while the official stand of the church would remain where it has been, there still would be the opportunity to argue this stand and possibly modify it in the future.

VERA: It's a position that's difficult to define because the church says that the matter is a personal one. What one person may be affected by is not the same thing that another person is going to be affected by. But the Catholic church has a long tradition of trying to set up a certain number of standards whereby the officials feel that people would be offended. This is where you come into the idea of censorship within the church. The officials would not, in this modern day, say that it is absolutely a sin for you to read a certain book, but they wouldn't hesitate to condemn it in cases in which it would offend.

BROWN: Countries that have Catholic government almost without exception have very stringent censorship laws. For instance, you wouldn't be able to read a book in Ireland or Italy or Spain advocating birth control. I'm sure no book like that would be published.

WOODWARD: I think you can overstate that. For example, Joyce's *Ulysses* has never been banned in Ireland. It's difficult to buy a copy, but it has never been banned. Many booksellers simply don't stock it because many people in Ireland disapprove of *Ulysses*. It seems to me that this is a perfectly sound way of handling the problem. Leaving it to the discrimination of individuals seems to be the only workable way of controlling books. If the individuals in a democratic society don't exercise responsibilities, then the society will soon cease to be democratic.

LINDA: I think this question is based on how much censorship a society or group of people will permit. The Catholic church can and does censor a great deal more than some other societies because the members of this Catholic society *allow* themselves to be denied certain freedoms that members of another religious sect would not allow themselves to lose. In a democratic society we allow ourselves to be denied a certain number of freedoms, one of which is the right to censor our own material. So this whole concept of censoring or banning books goes back to exactly how much freedom we *want* in a society, or how much freedom a society demands from the government.

VERA: I, personally, do not believe in censorship, but if it has to be done, I think the church should do it. The church is not concerned with denying sex or with shrouding it, but it is concerned with a state of mind of the people in the world, and with whether or not a pornographic book is perverting something that it considers important.

BROWN: As far as I'm concerned, I think there should be total freedom in these matters.

COFFIN: I think in general this would hold: when people say they are for total freedom, it will be up to a point and then they will draw a line—such as at sadism, or something. I would draw a line somewhere, but I'm not sure just where I would draw it.

BROWN: I can't think of anything in literature at which I'd draw a line. Regarding what we personally approve and what we would tolerate in terms of society, wouldn't it be something like this: We may hate the idea, but would "defend to the death" someone else's right to say it?

WOODWARD: Yes. And it is my moral problem to decide whether or not to read the book in question.

LINDA: That's true. Personal censorship seems to be a valid response to the problem of pornography. If you try to draw a line for society as to what is pornographic and what isn't you're limited by your own experience, and the matter becomes arbitrary again.

BROWN: In closing, may I quote once more, this time from an article by Everhard and Phyllis Kronhauser, called "The Psychology of Pornography?" It seems to cover and in detail practically all the questions we've raised here. They talk about "hard-core pornography," and I suppose in a sense that is what the law is concerned with—the phrase "hard-core."

They draw a distinction between what they call "hard-core realism," which is almost any literature in addition to what they call "hard-core pornography." They distinguish pornography from all other writing that has a sexual content—whether it's non-fictional, such as marriage manuals, psychological, anthropological, and sociological, studies, biological and physiological texts, books covering family life, et cetera; and fictional literature which tends to give an imitation of reality—all this is "erotic realism," but pornography fits none of these categories. They say "Pornography is not concerned with reality at all, but sets aside all considerations of reality in favor of the wish-fulfilling fantasies of its predominately male authors and the anticipated reactions of a predominately male readership."

And as Mr. Wayland Young in his interesting book, *Eros Denied*, says quite clearly, pornography is "masturbatory literature," that it is really designed for that purpose.

The Kronhausers go on to say, "The aim of pornographic writing is to evoke erotic imagery in the reader in order to bring about sexual arousal. . . . All disturbing reality elements are carefully avoided so that one rarely hears of unwanted pregnancy, abortion, venereal disease, and similar unpleasant effects that occasionally accompany sexual relations."

Under this sort of definition, books like *Fanny Hill*, on a high level, and the so-called "dime novels" on a low one, are pornographic. They are this sort of wish-fulfilling fantasy in which the object is to stimulate sexual images in the mind.

The Kronhausers go on to say that the male responds primarily to visual stimuli while the female responds primarily to tactile stimuli. This would be the psychological element involved in the fact that you find practically no women writing pornographic literature and not as many women reading it.

This statement about stimulus and response holds true for the lower animals, too. But the writers of this article could not determine whether or not the condition in humans is simply a matter of social conditioning—the fact that women are not encouraged to exhibit overt sexual reactions. Thus you can't tell whether they're really responding

or not. You can't set up any sort of experimental situation to test any of these things as yet.

COFFIN: I think this distinction is probably the most sensible one I've heard.

BARBARA: I agree. That article seems to have touched on the more important aspects of pornography and to have given a logical explanation for the why and wherefore of it. Regardless of judges, juries, and censors, as long as we have sex, we're going to have people writing about it. And some of these writings are bound to be pornographic. It is our problem now whether or not we want to continue to suppress these writings or to give some amount of freedom to something that seems to come quite naturally.

Once

On yellow paper with green lines
he wrote a poem
And he called it "Chops"
Because that was the name of his dog
and that was what it was all about.
And the teacher gave him an "A"
and a gold star.
And his mother hung it on the kitchen door,
and read it to all his aunts.
That was the year his sister was born with tiny
Toenails and no hair, and Father Tracy took the kids to the
Zoo and let them sing on the bus, and his mother and
Father kissed a lot, and the girl around the block
Sent him a Christmas card with a row of x's
And his father always tucked him in bed at night
And was always there to do it.

Once

On white paper with blue lines
he wrote another poem
And he called it "Autumn"
Because that was the name of the season,
and that was what it was all about.
And the teacher gave him an "A"
and told him to write more clearly.
But his mother didn't hang it on the kitchen door
because the door had just been painted.
That was the year his sister got glasses with black
Frames and thick lenses, and the kids told him why.
His mother and father teased a lot and that year
Father Tracy smoked cigars and left butts on the pews
And the girl around the block laughed when he
Went to see Santa Claus at Macy's and his
Father stopped tucking him in bed at night
And got mad when he cried for him to do it.

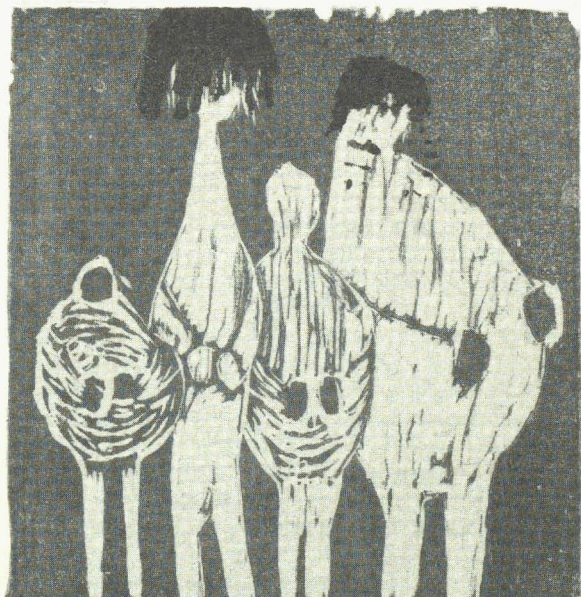
Once

On paper torn from his notebook
 he wrote another poem.
And he called it "Question marked Innocence"
 and that's what it was all about.
And the professor gave him an "A"
 and a strange and steady look
And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door
 because he never let her read it.
That was the year he found his sister necking with a boy
On the back porch and his parents never kissed or
Even smiled and he forgot how the Apostle's
Creed went and Father Tracy died and the girl
Around the block wore too much makeup that
Made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed
Her anyway, and around three a.m. he tucked himself in bed
His father snoring soundly.

That's why

On the back of a pack of matches
 he tried another poem.
And he called it "Absolutely Nothing"
 because that was what it was all about.
And he gave himself an "A"
And a slash on each damp wrist
And he hung it on the kitchen door
Because he couldn't reach the kitchen.

anonymous from Yale



THE COLLECTOR vs "The Collector"

Margaret Van Sant

The film "The Collector" illustrates, as many other Hollywood productions do, the distorted results which occur when the attempt is made to adapt a piece of literature for the screen.

The novel by John Fowles can be approached in many ways: as a mystery, a psychological study of a psychopath, a social commentary on English class structure and distinction, or as an outcry against wanton death. The talent of Mr. Fowles is realized in his subtle and successful intertwining of these divergent themes.

The collector in the novel is of the English lower class, and class influence is manifested in the deep inferiority he feels. He is ashamed, embarrassed, and incompetent in any social situation; yet he realizes that there is a certain irresistible beauty within life. However, he cannot worship beauty within ordinary circumstances. Therefore he collects a permanent beauty—his butterflies—a beauty and vitality which he can render static and thus worship, having eliminated any need for his personal social integration. There is no villainy in this; but when he extends his collection to include a young female art student, Miranda, his mind and values are certainly to be questioned.

In the novel one receives the impression that he is definitely mentally ill; however, in the movie production the aspects of the novel are distorted—the psychological is underplayed and the mystery overplayed. It is evident that this distortion was the intent of the script writers. First, all direct responsibility present in the novel for the death of Miranda, is removed from the shoulders of the collector Fred. Secondly, his preoccupation with taking pornographic photographs of Miranda has been completely eliminated. This action further illustrates his desire to view static beauty, first in his dead butterflies and secondly, in the photographs of the girl.

Without these two aspects he appears less dangerous and ill in the movie. Fred's diluted characterization is further enhanced by the acting of Terence Stamp; in this case his attractiveness is a handicap for it is directly opposed to the collector of the novel. Also, Mr. Stamp does not interpret the character as the psychopathic villain which he is; but rather as an awkward, impish, squeaky-clean youth. He is too engaging and delightful to appear harmful.

Samantha Eggar is believable as the trapped beauty. Her desperation and desire to hold on to her lovely, promising life is pitifully felt in her death scene.

As one must expect from Hollywood, the sexual aspects of the relationship are grossly enlarged in the movie; whereas in the novel, the incompetence of the collector in sexual matters was a major point.

All of this illustrates the problems of adapting a psychological novel for the screen, an endeavor which Hollywood should possibly not attempt. The film industry is superb in the realm of mystery, and a mystery is what they make of "The Collector."

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